

[From the Boston Mercantile Journal.]

THE THIRTEEN VOTES, OR THE WAGER.

A TRUE STORY.

In a town in the interior of the Granite State, not many years since, a gentleman of some property, and not a little political consideration, resided, whose name we shall call Martin. He was a great stickler for party principles, inasmuch that he was sometimes induced by party zeal to violate his moral duties. On one occasion, in particular, when a very important election was taking place, upon the result of which, perhaps, the very existence of his party depended, he was so carried away by his party feelings as to deposit thirteen votes for one individual at the same time in the ballot-box, in defiance of the law, which provides that no man, to whichever party he may happen to belong, or however worthy may be his favorite candidate, shall deposit more than one ballot for any one individual, for one office.

Wattie Martin was unfortunately detected in this equivocal act—and, although no legal action was had in relation to the subject, yet there were those in the town in which he resided, who were unwilling to admit that excess of party zeal was a sufficient apology for his dereliction of moral duty—and the simple act of depositing thirteen votes for one candidate, at one time, in the ballot-box, although palliated and excused by some of his warm political friends, was severely censured by others. This occurrence furnished a subject of conversation among the worthy citizens of the town for several weeks—at the end of which time it gradually and partially died away, but was not forgotten. Poor Mr. Martin was doomed to hear the words "thirteen votes," occasionally repeated by his political foes in the most significant manner—evidently with the design of disturbing the equanimity of his feelings. In this they succeeded but too well. These words, so harmless in themselves, or when applied to others, if addressed to Mr. Martin, or ever uttered in his hearing, seemed to possess the power of a magic cabala, so wonderful and so instantaneous was the effect which they produced on the conduct and appearance of that gentleman. The moment "thirteen votes" reached his ear, his features were clouded with a frown of indignation—his eyes were lit up with a most unholily fire—his hands involuntarily grasped the nearest weapon of offence within his reach, and his voice, naturally clear and sonorous, was changed into deep and unearthly mutterings, resembling the sound of distant thunder, or the rumblings of the pent up volcano. Indeed, the effect produced on Mr. Martin, by the sight of the bodkin, as related in the *Monastery of Sir Walter Scott*, was not more sudden and terrible than the effect produced on Watie Martin, by repeating the simple words, "thirteen votes." His weakness on this point was proverbial, and a wicked youth of the village, now a very worthy and respectable legal practitioner in the city of Boston, once made Martin's infirmity the means of playing off a mischievous and cruel practical joke, to the great amusement of the by-standers.

Mr. Smith, the young gentleman to whom we allude, being one day at the village-tavern, entered into conversation with a genteel looking stranger, while the landlady was preparing some refreshment, with which to recruit the exhausted frame and spirits of her guest. The conversation turned on the difficulty of pronouncing some of the names of places of Indian origin, which are so frequently met with in the New England States. In the midst of the colloquy, Mr. Smith saw his political opponent, Watie Martin, coming down the road. He was certain that Watie would pop into the tavern, and in the spur of the moment, laid his plan accordingly.

"What you say, sir," said Mr. Smith, "about those jawbreaking names, is perfectly correct; I agree with you entirely, and am very happy to make the acquaintance of a gentleman of so much taste. But, my dear sir, there are familiar English words, and combinations of words, which although they may not be very difficult to pronounce, are exceedingly difficult to repeat. For instance, it is almost impossible for any one, not acquainted with the practice, to pronounce the words, *thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!* for any length of time, without making the most ludicrous mistakes."

"Thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!" repeated the stranger, "I do not see any difficulty in that. I could go on repeating the words, thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes, until to-morrow morning."

"It is far more difficult my dear sir, than you imagine," replied Mr. Smith, in his blandest manner: "I am not much in the habit of betting, but for the curiosity of the thing, I am willing to bet you the price of a dinner for yourself and horse, that you cannot repeat, in rapid succession, the words, thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes, fifteen minutes, without making some egregious blunders."

"Done!" said the traveller, who rejoiced at the idea of paying the landlord's charges so easily; "and I will begin at once."

So saying, he took out his watch, and noted the time—then planting himself firmly against the wall, with his face toward the door, he assumed a look of great determination, as if he had undertaken an unpleasant job, but was resolved to go through with it at all hazards, and commenced pronouncing in a loud, clear voice, with due emphasis and discretion, the cabalistic words, thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes!

In the meantime, Mr. Martin, not dreaming of the insult which awaited him, bent his steps, as was his wont, toward the tavern. As he reached the threshold of the door, he heard the offensive words, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes," pronounced—and with a frame trembling with passion, and with fury strongly imprinted on his rufous visage, he abruptly entered the bar-room to confront the man who dared thus trifle with his feelings, and attempt to overwhelm him with insult.

His eye, beaming with wrath, fell upon the stranger, who regarded his withering glances with the most provoking indifference—and who paused not a moment in his recitation, but continued to repeat the maddening words, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes."

The indignant Martin next caught a sight of Mr. Smith's countenance, convulsed with laughter. "What is the meaning of this, sir?" said he in a voice of thunder. But the only reply he received, was from the mouth of the stranger, who, with the most irritating pertinacity, continued to bawl, even louder than before, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes!"

Martin then advanced toward the stranger, his frame absolutely quivering with rage, "Who are

you, scoundrel?" demanded he, in the most impetuous manner, "and how dare you insult me in this way?"

The stranger thought the rage of Martin was counterfeited, and a ruse of Smith's to win the wager—and the answer to this question, shouted out in a still louder voice than before, was, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes!"

"I will not put up with this insult!" screamed Martin, doubling up his fist, and putting himself in attitude.

"Thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes," vociferated the stranger, at the top of his lungs. "If you repeat those words again, I will knock you down, you rascal!" said the infuriated Martin, with a howl of desperation.

The stranger felt indignant being addressed in this rude and uncereemonious manner, but was determined to win the wager; and raising his voice, bawled with the lungs of a stentor, "Thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!"

"Take that, then! for your insolence!" shrieked Martin; suiting the action to the word, and giving the luckless traveller a blow which laid him prostrate on the floor.

But as the stranger fell, his yell of surprise, anger and agony, took the sound of "Thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes!"

Highly exasperated at what he conceived to be a base and unfair contrivance to cheat him out of the wager, the stranger rose in a great dudgeon, still exclaiming in a voice which a boatswain in a hurricane might have envied, "Thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!" and fell pell mell upon poor Martin, pounding him without mercy, and bellowing out between every blow, "Thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!"

The traveller finally kicked Martin out of the room, and as he closed the door upon the unlucky illegal voter, he looked at his watch—saw that the fifteen minutes had already expired—gave a loud and exulting shout of "Thirteen votes! THIRTEEN VOTES!!!! THIRTEEN VOTES!!!!" which made the welkin ring again, sank exhausted in the chair, and claimed his wager.

A MONSTER OF THE FIRST WATER.

The Boston Times has a marvelous account of a monster, as the Moon Hoax, though we would by no means say there is as little reality in it. The Times says "Robert Lincoln, Esq., Agent of the New York Western Lumber Company, has just returned from the Saint Peter's River, near the head of steamboat navigation, on the upper Mississippi, bringing with him a living American Orang-outang or Wild Man of the Woods, with two small cubs, supposed to be about three months old."

The paper then goes on to give all the particulars of the capture of this strange beast, and of his transportation to the good city of Boston. Mr. Lincoln appears to have been very much of Stephano's opinion, when that ingenious gentleman first found Caliban. "If I can catch him and keep him tame," thought Mr. Lincoln, "and get to Boston with him," he shall pay for him that hath him, and that roundly." And accordingly, we learn from the Times that it is the intention of Mr. Lincoln to exhibit the creature a few days to "the scientific" and then to dispose of him to some person for exhibition. It seems that there are certain "Cubs" taken at the same time, which will be exhibited with the "monster;" from which circumstance we are very much inclined to suppose that he is either a Rocky Mountain bear or a Broadway dandy. The description is about equally applicable. At any rate we hope Mr. Lincoln will bring his newly discovered daintiness to this city, and let us see whether we cannot match him on some sunny day, somewhere between Trinity and St. Paul's churches. The following is the description of the Times:

"By invitation of Mr. Lincoln, who is an old acquaintance, we went down to his rooms to examine this monster. He is a horrid looking creature, and reminds us very strongly of the fabled satyrs, as we have pictured them to our mind. He is about eight feet three inches high, when standing erect, and his frame is of giant proportions in every part. His legs are not straight, but like those of the dog and other four-footed animals, and his whole body is covered with a hide very much like that of a cow. His arms are very large and long, and ill-proportioned. It does not appear from his manner that he has ever walked upon 'all fours.' The fingers and toes are mere bunches, armed with stout claws. His head is covered with thick, coarse, black hair, like the mane of a horse. The appearance of his countenance, if such it may be called, is very disgusting—may, almost horrible. It is covered with a thinner and lighter coat of hair than the rest of his body; there is no appearance of eyebrows or nose; the mouth is very large and wide, and similar to that of a baboon. His eyes are quite dull and heavy, and there is no indication of cunning or activity about them. Mr. Lincoln says he is beyond dispute carnivorous, as he universally rejects bread and vegetables, and eats flesh with great avidity. He thinks he is of the orang outang species; but from what little we have seen, we are inclined to consider him a wild animal, somewhat resembling a man: He is, to say the least, one of the most extraordinary creatures that has ever been brought before the public, from any part of the earth, or the waters under the earth, and we believe, will prove a difficult puzzle to the scientific. He lies down like a brute, and does not appear to possess more instinct than common domestic animals. He is now quite tame and quiet, and is only confined by a stout chain attached to his legs."

This is the first creature of the kind, we believe, ever found on this continent. It was to be expected, however, that in penetrating the remote recesses of the new world, monsters would be found, and great natural curiosities brought to light; and it has been a matter of surprise to many, that so little of the marvellous has ever been discovered. But we cannot tell what the wilds of the far Northwest, the shores of Lake Superior, the regions of the Rocky Mountains, and the vast territory of the Oregon, may yet bring forth."

Don't waste the Steam.—It is stated that a steam ferry-boat, which plies on the Alton (Ill.) ferry, having more power in her engine than required, the proprietors have attached a pair of burr mill stones to her, with which, the Telegraph says, while crossing the ferry and running off steam, she is enabled to grind about one hundred bushels of fine meal per day.

A gentleman from Franklin, in the very worst stage of the silk fever, went into Banks' Arcade yesterday afternoon with a friend. So engaged were they in talking about slips, silk worms, &c. &c., they entirely forgot the object of their visit until the bar-keeper asked them "what they would take?" "Give us a couple of glasses of *morris multicaulis*," said the enthusiastic silk speculator. "We have none," returned the bar-keeper, "but we have as good *orgeat* as any in the place."—*Pic.*

[From the Brussels Correspondent of the New York Star.]

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

It may amuse you to receive a letter written, not actually on the field of Waterloo, at least within sight of it. From Brussels to Waterloo is but a pleasant drive, and I now only wonder that I have not been here long ago. But, to tell the truth, I do not like visiting any show place in a crowd, and having steadily resisted all invitations to form one of a party hither, have come by myself—the advantage is, that I am not likely to quarrel with my company.

I am now quartered for the night at a village inn, (the Hotel des Colonnes) in the village of St. John, (St. Jean), which was within the English lines on the great day, which swept Napoleon from the throne. It is nearly 24 years since that event took place, and it is exactly 18 years from this very day that the fettered eagle died in that island which was the prison, and is the mighty monument to his immortal memory. I have dined or rather supped off a joint of *ros-bif*, accompanied with a pleasant cider, which is as much up as English champagne, and with a bottle of passable claret, and a cheroot, it is hard if a man cannot get on very well. But I have an hour or so to spare—and here it goes to bestow my tediousness on the tale!

Travellers have told the world over and over again, how the field of Waterloo was. I think you had as well learn how it is. Changed enough, God knows. Cultivation has done something to effect this change, but villainous bad taste, and royal vain-glory, have done the rest.—In the plain, the Dutch erected a huge mound, shaped like a cone, on which they placed a Belgian lion. This hillock was actually made, to mark the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded. And to do the matter thoroughly, about twenty feet of the soil were levelled away to some extent; thus changing the very character of the scene of battle! The localities are thus destroyed. You read an account of the battle, and when you visit the scene of action, you cannot understand how the battle was fought, and you wonder why you cannot. The French cavalry were checked in their advance by the roughness of the ground—the mound manufacturer has cleared it all away. A bank sheltered the English cavalry from the deadly sweep of the French guns—the bank is taken away. The English troops for hours sustained the attack of the French in one commanding position—that has been levelled away! All this has been done to tell that a Dutch Prince was wounded on the field.

Besides, to say nothing of the strong chance of the Belgians or French, forcibly removing this monument of vanity, it is already decaying. Every fall of rain brings down a part of it. Nature is getting an ascendancy over art. The guard, whose locale is at the foot of this hillock, finds it difficult to keep any thing like an ascent of stairs for the visitors. To crown all, the Belgians (who do not like the Prince of Orange), are resolved that the lion (cast at Cockrell's foundry in 1817) shall be demolished.

From the place where this poor lion stands, you command a good view of the Field of Waterloo; but the only way is to traverse it on foot as I did this blessed day, under the cicerone ship of one Cotton, formerly sergeant-major in the 7th Hussars. The best elevated view is from such an observatory as was occupied by Napoleon during the battle.

The wood of Poignes is rapidly vanishing. The owners are cutting it down every year. The Duke of Wellington has an estate here, (as Prince of Waterloo), and he also is cutting down his timber. By and by, when Belgium falls into the possession of France or the Prussians, or is again joined to Holland, it will be some revenge to have cut down every stick in the country!

Hougoumont is becoming a ruin—but then, as a set-off, the willow over the Marquis of Anglesa's amputated leg is very flourishing. George IV. visited Waterloo when on the Continent in September, 1821, and is said to have contemptuously smiled at the idea of a gorgeous monument over the said leg. It was ostentatious vanity to have put such a thing there—the more inexcusable as the Marquis of Anglesa is a man of undoubted valor.

There are numerous guides, but Cotton is the best. The natives insist that the Dutch won the battle, and blame Cotton (who was present and very severely wounded) for affirming that the Duke of Wellington and his troops had some share in the victory. The Prussians say that Blucher was the conqueror. The French say as little about the matter as they can.

Visitors to Waterloo are tormented, as I was, by hordes of people offering relics for sale. There are bits of red and blue cloth, buttons, flints, helmet ornaments, and so on. Now these, without exception, are manufactured relics. They are all made at Brussels. Avoid them as if they were infectious. You may pick up a relic yet. I found one bullet in the middle of a lump of clay.

Of human relics there remain many. The bones of the dead are perpetually turned up by the plough. They say that the field of Waterloo has been remarkable for its fine corn since the battle. The year after the fight, the corn all came up of dark green—human gore had made the land much too rich.

All the maps, except Sergeant-Major Cotton's, are wrong. I mean all sold at the hotels at St. Jean, or by the native guides. They are all turned the wrong way, so that the French and English occupy, on the maps, different sides to those occupied by them on the field. This is a slight difference.

I believe it is not generally known that, in the autumn of 1814, as the Duke of Wellington was passing over Waterloo, he was struck with the aspect of the place. "This," said he, "is the very spot I would choose on which to fight a pitched battle for the liberties of Europe." He even remained a day at Mont St. Jean, and carefully examined the place. No doubt this observation was of essential service to him on June 18, 1815.

As for accommodation at St. Jean, at present, I need not say much. It is quite as good as can be expected, and at the Hotel des Colonnes (a little public house despite its high sounding name), I can only say that there is good coffee, pretty tolerable *ros-bif*, passable wine, and the prettiest little Belgian beauty that ever smiled behind a bar. While pretty Catherine remains at the Hotel des Colonnes, I conscientiously recommend all travellers not to go to the rival hostelry, "le Petit Hotel de la Couronne. People should admire Nature and her works, and a pretty woman is surely the best of them!"

A Coincidence.—Mr. Van Buren's head gardener—we don't mean his friseur—and the Governor of Ohio, receive precisely the same salary. Wonderful, ain't it.—*N. O. Pic.*

Mr. Weld, editor of the N. Y. Dispatch, tells a story in as rich and quaint a style as any lord of the quill we wot of. For example:

"Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones' door, and he gave the usual country signal that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins and sitting double, with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. Good morning was soon exchanged on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said."

"Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, for nothing, any how, do you?"

"Well, there, Mister Smith, you could not have spoken my mind better. A poor lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—at the Downing cow—and at the widow—at Brindle—and then at the widow again—and so on through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when Widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday—and had 'ever so much' to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irascible as ever.

"That 'ere Downing Cow is a pretty fair creature—but" he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked round her—not the widow, but the cow.

"That 'ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know"—another look at the widow.

"The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones, she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but I have known better." A long stare succeeded this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out—

"Lord! Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want, do say so!"

The intentions of the widower Smith and the widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and custom in Massachusetts; and as soon as they were 'out published,' they were married.

What would Dr. Johnson say?—We published amongst our miscellaneous scraps on Wednesday, an extract from the London Quarterly, in which it is indirectly asked, what would Dr. Johnson have said, if he had been told, sixty years ago, that the tiny volume of steam issuing from the spout of his black iron teakettle was a power competent to rebuke the waves, and set even the hurricane at defiance? The learned Doctor has himself answered the question of the learned reviewer in an article in the "Adventurer," of October 16, 1783:

"Men unaccustomed to reason and researches think every enterprise impracticable, which is extended beyond common effects, or comprises many intermediate operations. Many that presume to laugh at projectors would consider a flight through the air in a chariot, and the movement of a mighty engine by the steam of water, as equally dreams of mechanic lunacy, and would hear with equal negligence of the union of the Thames and Severn by a canal, a scheme of Albuquerque, the Viceroy of the Indies, who in the rage of hostility had contrived to make Egypt a barren desert, by turning the Nile into the Red Sea."

The Thames and Severn are united by a canal, and the movement of a mighty engine by the steam of water is no longer a novelty. It is well said by the Newark Advertiser: "Let men take a lesson from their amazement at the past and present, and cease to prophesy against the future."

Lawful Revenge.—Many years since, a gentleman of Newington, a parish of Wethersfield, Conn., who was a very religious and conscientious man, married one of the most ill-natured and troublesome women which could be found in the vicinity. This occasioned a universal surprise wherever he was known; and one of his neighbors ventured to ask him the reasons which governed his choice. He replied, that having but little trouble in the world, he was fearful of becoming too much attached to things and sense, and he thought by experiencing some afflictions, he should become more weaned from the world, and that he married such a woman as he thought would accomplish this object.

The best part of the story is, that the wife, hearing the reasons why he married her, was much offended, and, out of revenge, became one of the most pleasant and dutiful wives in the town; declaring that she was not going to be made a pack-horse to carry her husband to heaven.—*Madisonian.*

The Future.—It is perhaps for others, rather than ourselves, that the fond heart requires a hereafter. The tranquil rest—the shadow and the silence—the mere pause of the wheel of life, have no terror for the wise, who know the due value of the world—

"After the billows of a sea,
Sweet is at least the haven of repose."

But not when that stillness is to divide us from others, when those we have loved with all the passion—the devotion—the watchful sanctity of the weak human heart, are to exist to us no more—when after long years of desertion, and widowhood on earth, there is to be no hope or reunion in that invisible world beyond the stars; when the torch, not of life only, but of love, is to be quenched in the fountain; and the grave that we would fain hope is the great restorer of broken ties—is but the dumb seal of hopeless, utter, inexorable separation; and it is this thought—this sentiment which makes religion out of love, and teacheth belief to the mourning heart, that in gladness of united affections, is felt the necessity of a heaven! To how many is the death of the beloved, the birth of Faith.—*Bulwer.*

Poorly Paid.—Some love-sick serenader caught it the other night, while serenading a lady in Carondelet street. He had sung but one verse of "Wake, dearest, wake!" when, sure enough, she did wake, and gave him the best kind of evidence of it by throwing a pitcher of water, pitcher and all, upon his head. The next time he serenades in that quarter, we opine he will give his flame a verse of "Sleep on, sleep on," &c. &c., for fear of consequences.—*Pic.*

A Substitute.—Gen. Daniel, passing by a sentinel at Portsmouth, the fellow complained that he wanted a pair of shoes—"Tis fit that you, sir, should have a pair," said the General. Thereupon he takes a piece of chalk and draws out a pair of shoes upon the sentry box—"There's a pair of shoes for you," said he, and goes away. His back was no sooner turned than the soldier chalks out a man standing sentinel, and then goes his way. The General presently after was surprised to meet the fellow in the street, and inquired with several threats how he came to leave his post?

"Sir," said he, "I am relieved." "Relieved?" that's impossible, at this time of day. Who has relieved you? "One that will not leave his post, I'll swear," replied the soldier. Hereupon the old General goes with him to the place. "There, sir," says the fellow, "if I am to look upon this as a good pair of shoes, you must own that this is likewise a very good sentinel."

The world is round—and, like a ball, seems swinging in the air.—"I remember well," says Tom, "that circumstance—my uncle, when I come from school, asked me, among many other questions, if the 'arth was round."

"Yes, sir," I replied. "The world is round, and, like a ball, seems swinging in the air."

"I don't believe it," said he, "Scripter don't say so. Scripter tells about the four winds from the four corners of the earth, and that's proof enough that the world's four square. And the sun doth set and rise, or our eyes lie. Now I believe the sun sets in a hole in the ground, and rises up through a hole on the other side, and that the sky is flat and round, and the world's four square and flat-footed."

"What supports the earth?" I inquired.

"Pillars," said my uncle, triumphantly. "I've always heard 'em say," replied my uncle, "that a little lamin is a dangerous thing. Go, ask your aunt Polly."

"Now, uncle," said I, "hang a pumpkin to the ceiling, and daub it over with molasses; and when you see the flies gathered around it, imagine that it is the world, and the flies its inhabitants."

"That's the way it works, is it? Well, Tom, is it a fact that the Chinese walk with their feet foremost on their feet, and their heads down?"

"Yes, sir."

"And is it a fact that the Devil's fire-works are right under the earth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I wonder if the cursed Chinese aint bothered a good deal with the smoke?"

[Cincinnati News.]

NEW BOOKS.—The Spirit of the East, or a Journal of Travels through Roumel during a eventful period, by D'Urquart, Esq. in 2 vols 12mo.

Steering Pennudeck or the Highbinder, by the author of *De Vera*, &c. in 2 vols.

Evira, the Nabob's Wife, a tale by Mrs. Monkland, 2 vols.

Conversations on Nature and Art, with plates, 1 vol. Just received for sale at GARRET ANDERSON, Pennsylvania Avenue, between 11th and 12th streets mar 23.

BOYS' AND MEN'S SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.—This day received and for sale—

20 pieces black and colored summer cloths, plain and twilled
10 do striped and plain lastings
50 do plain and fancy drillings
100 do plain and striped cotton jean
50 do Georgia nanken, genuine
36 do Marcellis silk and satin vestings
Also, 50 doz. white, brown, and mixed cotton half hose
15 do English and spun silk
Gum and cotton braces, silk handkerchiefs,
Italian cravats, kid, silk, and linen gloves, &c. &c
All of which will be offered at the lowest rates
JAMES B. CLARKE,
Opposite Centre Market, and No. 2 from 8th street.
ap 20.

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.—

Just received,
20 pieces crape-faced Summer Cloths
50 do heavy white Drillings
20 do rich black and figured Silk Vestings
20 do handsome colored Drillings.
may 4
BRADLEY & CATLETT.

COOPER'S AMERICAN ISINGLASS.—A new form of isinglass, perfectly free from flavor, and at one-third the cost of the Russian. It dissolves readily, requiring not more than ten minutes to prepare jellies, blancmange, soups, &c. and for this purpose is well adapted for family use, forming the cheapest dessert that can be placed on the table. For sale, with printed directions for use, at
mar 23
TODD'S Drug Store.

PAINTS AND GLASS.—

Wetherill's pure white lead, in oil
English linseed oil
Ground verdigris, in assorted tins
Spirits of turpentine
8 by 10 and 10 by 12 Western glass, low priced
Washington and Waterford glass, of assorted size
Just received at
mar 22
TODD'S Drug Store.

SPRING GOODS, NEW AND CHEP.—The subscriber has just received a desirable stock of Spring goods, consisting in part of—

10 pieces plain and figured blue-black silk, superior
10 do black Italian
10 do French Chintz, part neat figures for children
50 do London do handsome
25 do black and dove-colored mourning prints
250 do domestic prints
50 do shirting and cellar linens, warranted pure
10 do handsome mousselines, de laines
Superfine damask tablecloths
Heavy table diaper, bird's-eye and huckaback towell.
ig

Long-cloth shirtings and sheetings
Colored cambrics, Zelia scarfs and handkerchiefs
Cambric and jaconet muslins
Book, Swiss mull do
Linen-cambrics and lawns
Hemstitched and plain linen-cambric handkerchiefs
White Italian and Acrophane crape
Cashmere cloths for riding dresses
Shalley and mousseline shawls, &c.
Oil cloths, brown holland
Marcellis quilts and toilet covers
Burlaps, brown German and French linens
Cap ribbons, bonnet wire, &c.
200 dozen women's cotton and silk hosiery
20 do misses' white and colored cotton hosiery
The attention of purchasers is called to the subscriber's assortment of seasonal goods, as he is determined to offer great inducements. JAMES B. CLARKE,
Opposite Centre Market, and No. 2 from 8th street.
ap 20.

EMBROIDERED MOUSSELINE DE LAINE.

Just opened—
10 pieces very rich embroidered Mousseline de Laine
20 do do
Also, a handsome supply of French work.
may 4
BRADLEY & CATLETT.

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR FOR SPRING.—

300 pieces White Drillings (London make)
450 do colored do
22 do. fine Bombasins.
Just received by
mar 9
BRADLEY & CATLETT.

WIDE SHEETINGS.—Just received—

50 pieces 10-4 and 11-4 wide sheetings, which will be sold by the piece unusually cheap.
ap 6
BRADLEY & CATLETT.

LUSTRINGS, SILKS, AND POULT DE SOIE.

We have just received and will sell at reduced prices
20 pieces handsome blue black Poul de Soie
50 do black Italian Lustings, very cheap
100 do 4-4 French Chintz
200 do French Muslins and Lawns.
may 11
BRADLEY & CATLETT.